

Naval Assault on the WBOS "Earthfest"

April 24, 1999

by Rev. Chris Korda

Eight of us paddled an 8'x12' home-built raft across the Charles in a 30MPH wind without drowning (damn, better luck next time). At first the anchor wouldn't bite and it looked like we would be making a crash landing/ground assault, but then we got lucky and hooked an abandoned line attached to something heavy (a refrigerator perhaps). Our ground troops were waiting for us to do something, and Pastor Kim was beside himself with impatience, but the crew mutinied and insisted on a lunch break.

Ever tried to dock a boat with the sails up? That's what it was like after we hoisted the 18'x5' SAVE THE PLANET KILL YOURSELF banner. The raft weighs around 1500 pounds fully loaded, so there was little danger of capsizing. I was more worried that the banner masts would snap off and decapitate us. Instead the raft swung into wind, which just happened to make the banner visible from shore (more luck). Next Pastor Kim cranked up his brand new "Yakuza style" sound system: a scary-looking box containing a 200 watt car amp and four extremely directional 15" horns. We opened with the screaming babies. A crowd began to form on shore immediately.

We segued into "Buy (Buy More)", and then "Man of the future". A powerboat pulled up to us from shore, and the driver started yelling at us to shut the fuck up so people could enjoy the concert. He wasn't from WBOS, so we ignored him. Moments later he was buzzing us, doing donuts around the raft, and making big waves, presumably in an effort to capsize us. By now we had a crowd of over a thousand people on the shore, mostly cheering the powerboat. Finally he headed straight for us, and I prepared to go down with the ship, arms clutched around the sound system. At the last second he pulled out, showering us with water, and drove off.

Next we gave them a few minutes of the cannibal anthem "Fleshdance", and our ground troops (led by Vermin Supreme) went crazy. Suddenly the crowd was with us, cheering wildly. People who were on shore tell me that they couldn't even hear the concert at this point. I launched into an inspirational sermon, starting with the obvious hypocrisy of littering a park for the Earth, at a rock concert whose corporate sponsors included Sheraton and Royal Sonesta. The crowd listened, and responded with applause. We put the Church CD back on, and people started to dance. It had been about fifteen minutes since the banner went up.

The police appeared in slow motion, unmistakable in their blue hats, putting out towards us from the shore. I knew that the picture didn't exactly fit my dream of premonition the night before, but at first I couldn't see what was wrong. Then it dawned on me that there were no flashing lights, and that the cops were in a canary-yellow speedboat, flying the earth flag no less, with two beautiful dogs (huskies I think) snoozing on the bow. They had commandeered someone's boat! Apparently they were in such a hurry to talk to us that they didn't have time to wait for the marine division.

sniffing us. We smiled, and they smiled back. Finally they pulled up to us, and Lt. Bearfield explained, at some length, that he saw us being buzzed by the powerboat, and was concerned for our safety. Couldn't he do something about the guy who buzzed us? No, because the guy had already taken off. Sure. We can see his point. The wind is really whipping the banner, and tossing the raft around. Would it help if we took down the banner? Reef the banner! Down it goes. Bearfield concedes that stability is now much improved, but he is still concerned for our safety. Nothing to do with our first amendment rights, of course. Meanwhile a sailboat capsizes in plain view, not 100 yards away. Perhaps Bearfield should be more concerned for the safety of the two boaters in the river? One thing at a time. Sure. Would we be willing to move to a nearby dock, where we could continue to use our sound system? No, thank you, we're perfectly happy where we are. Well, he still isn't sure our boat would meet Coast Guard construction standards. The marine division will arrive in a few minutes, and they are the experts.

Meanwhile the situation on the shore is getting ugly. Over a thousand people are screaming "free speech, free speech" and "fuck the police". Rocks would have been thrown, if there were any rocks to be had. Can we talk to the crowd and let them know what's happening? Sure, says Bearfield. So I talk to the crowd for a minute, thank them for their support, and pop in the appropriate tape:

Be polite and respectful. Never badmouth a police officer. (ding) The police are your friends! Stay calm and in control of your words, body language and emotions. (ding) The police are your friends! Don't get into an argument with the police. (ding) The police are your friends! etc...

People on shore are laughing so hard they fall down. Even some of the cops are laughing. Bearfield is smiling politely. No offense, sir. The marine division pulls up, with flashing lights now, and after a brief conference with Bearfield, the marine cop boards us. He pretends to listen to us for a minute, but it's obvious that he's already made up his mind. He sniffs around, looks under the deck, and informs us that we're going to be towed to the nearby dock, for our own safety. Once we're docked, we can continue to address the crowd with our sound system, okay? Yes sir.

A half hour later, we're docked, and the bigwigs have sailed away. We crank up the sound system again, and within seconds a gigantic, mean-looking officer named Malloy appears and says "turn it off now or we're going confiscate it and arrest you for disorderly." Surprise! Not really.

A videotape of the above is currently being edited, hopefully to be completed in a month from now. A RealVideo version will be made available from the CoE "Video" page.

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THE BUNNY BOWL
by Rev. Chris Korda

Just past Hartford, on the "Christopher Columbus" highway...a highway named after a pirate who cut people's hands off...Burger King smokestacks spewing burning flesh...bulldozers in clearcuts, giant stacks of dead trees like fingers...sewers, roads, malls, expanding, encroaching, more and more and more...a continuous megalopolis from D.C. to Boston, why not? Commuters safely ensconced in their pods, keep moving, normalcy at any price...High school prison-like on the horizon, conform to this way of life or be outcast, a lifetime of burger-flipping, truck-driving, cashiers, conveyor belts, unimaginable tedious hours of metal-mouthed coffee and plastic food, wrists numb, eyes glassy, time clocks ticking, calendars marked with standardized Hallmark holidays, flag-waving lunacy of convenience stores and gas stations.

I'll be the one to change it, I'll stop the madness, I'll have a baby and bring it up right, I'll teach it to fight the ugliness, to live the right way, in harmony with the earth, no more supermarkets and plastic diapers and baby toys, only politically correct eco-food from coops, recyclable everything, catalogs of earth-friendly merchandise, Visa, Mastercard. Clad in a loincloth of spruce branches, living in a tee-pee, my baby will think like me, do everything that I can't do, fulfill my dreams of glorious righteousness, because I'm better, none of this is my fault, it's not me, it's the bad ugly stupid people, clogging up my drains with their turds, consuming and procreating and breathing my air, my precious air that's meant for me, me and the other good intelligent sensitive well-educated clever articulate people, God's chosen people, the master race, we mustn't let these morons, these cretins, these useless cocksucking niggers inherit the earth, outbreed them, more eggs, more sacred white patriarchal jism, spurting into the fertile cunts of perfectly-formed aryan poetesses, we won't stop until everyone on earth thinks like us, total control, boxcars full of stupid people, gas them like Jews, in ovens of fast-food restaurants, eat them, make them into lampshades, an army of babies, with my baby leading them, the new messiah, ripping, tearing the mutant TV-watching shit-babies into pieces, baby arms and legs in piles, triumph of Shakespeare and Descartes and Plato, swells of Handel and Bach, victory.

Wait! What is this thing coming out of my anus? No! It can't be! A turd, a turd, no, no, what is the thing I'm gripping, could it be the steering wheel of a car? Oh God, no, I'm driving down the highway, toxic fumes wafting out of my backside, it's me, it's me, I'm in the dirt, consuming! My kitchen is filled with tupperware, my walls are smooth and white, with plenty of outlets, appliances beckon me, "turn me on, use me," I'm standing in line, clutching my debit card, some hairless ape is jabbering at me, what is it saying? "Paper or plastic"? My precious baby is a chocolate bunny, flush the toilet, oh the humiliation.

Our lives are lived in flamboyant denial of our fundamental biologic equivalence to all other animals and it is only in death that we embrace our natural place in the global ecosystem.

--Diane Karluk, M.D.

Modern industrial civilization has developed within a certain system of convenient myths. The driving force of modern industrial civilization has been individual material gain, which is accepted as legitimate, even praiseworthy on the grounds that private vices yield public benefits (in the classic formulation). Now it's long been understood very well that a system that is based on this principal will destroy itself in time. It can only persist, with whatever suffering and injustice it entails, as long as it's possible to pretend that the destructive forces that humans create are limited, that the world is an infinite resource, and that the world is an infinite garbage can. At this stage of history either one of two things is possible: either the general population will take control of its own destiny, and will concern itself with community interests, guided by values of solidarity and sympathy and concern for others, or alternatively, there will be no destiny for anyone to control. As long as some specialized class is in a position of authority it is going to set policy in the special interests that it serves. But the conditions of survival, let alone justice, require rational social planning in the interest of the community as a whole, and by now that means the global community. The question is whether privileged elites should dominate mass communication, and should use this power as they tell us they must, namely to impose necessary illusions, to manipulate and deceive the stupid majority and remove them from the public arena. The question, in brief, is whether democracy and freedom are values to be preserved, or threats to be avoided. In this possibly terminal phase of human existence, democracy and freedom are more than values to be treasured; they may well be essential to survival.

Violet jewels glitter in the asphalt, some recessed, others proudly erect in their wire cages, glaring, defiant, thrusting up like crocuses, unmoved by any human presence, evaporating fog to reveal the grim architecture of total control, contours fixed for eternity, nothing less will do. The mechanized juggernaut drags itself across the landscape, and its details overwhelm, tantalize, obscure the senses one by one, leaving only a nightmare of interiors, seductive inner spaces, carpeted boxes, sealed against weather and other acts of god. With centuries of patient observation, imitating organic life, absorbing both substance and form of the natural world, the beast is tamed, molded, pinched between Francis Bacon's rotting fingers, giggling as he paved the way for total war. It's a war of attrition, there's no hurry, time is on the machine's side; there's always room for improvement, tinkering, maximizing, infinitely approaching the zero of optimal conditions, saturation, perfect balance, both male and female, yin and yang, the receptacles, sensors, passive arrays, coils, and vacuums no less important than the ubiquitous industrial phallus, both extremes and every nuance essential for smooth functioning, hard steel worse than useless without soft skin of fetishistic rubber, a yielding calculus to flex the wheels under the terrible loads of this technological anti-triumph, this miracle of organization, hierarchy and relationship, this monstrous vision of human mind made real in riveted aluminum the size of an apartment building, fuming, roaring, jerking, bucking bronco-like with furious power as the turbines lift it off the violet-studded runway, gravity defeated by libraries of data, technical knowledge applied with ruthless zeal by armies of specialists, nothing but pure mathematics between my bottom and the receding landscape that already resembles a child's game, houses with dolls and miniature trees, great spirit keep these Rolls-Royce turbines spinning and deliver me safely to Fort Lauderdale.

SMART BOMBS
By Rev. Chris Korda

I think we can all agree that violence is best left to the experts. The Unabomber killed people, and he didn't ask for permission first. He even made his own bombs. How do you suppose the economy is going to work if people start making their own bombs? When Nixon wanted to blow something up, he called up his pals at the Air Force and said "I've got a map of Cambodia here, and some pins, and wherever I put the pins, I want big holes. No need to tell Congress, though. It'll be our little secret, okay?" And his pals said "Can do, Mr. President," and pretty soon Cambodia looked like the surface of the moon.

Now when you bomb a country back to the Stone Age, you ensure that only the toughest, most ruthless people survive. So suddenly it's year zero, and the Khmer Rouge are marching everyone out of the city into the countryside, or what's left of it, to fend for themselves. People couldn't stay in the cities, because there wasn't any food. We bombed all the food. But that's okay, because--as the New York Times pointed out at the time--"the destruction was mutual." All over America, farmers are still being maimed by unexploded landmines. That's why President Clinton wants to outlaw them. Here in Boston you can hardly walk down the street without falling into a bomb crater. We never hear about it because history, as we all know, is written by the conquerors, not by us, the poor conquered Americans. It was a noble effort, but they beat us, didn't they. We slaughtered millions of them gooks, ravaged their land, and completely destroyed their way of life, but we lost the war. We didn't actually manage to make them love America.

So violence is best left to the experts. Like George Bush. He was no draft-dodger. He was an expert. No one ever questioned his credentials. When Iraq threatened America's inalienable right to control the price of oil, did George make a pipe bomb and send it to Saddam? He called up the Pentagon and said "pave Iraq." The Joint Chiefs sure do love a chance to test those nifty new weapons that you--the hard-working taxpayer--pay top dollar for. So they said "Can do, Mr. President," and pretty soon there were burning oil wells, and the bodies of a hundred thousand dead Iraqis were baking in sun. Kinda makes you thirsty, don't it? Pass the bottled water. It's hard work, but hey, we can't let those towel-heads tell us what to do. Wait a minute, they're the terrorists, we're just peace-keepers. We're on a mission from God! What are you, some kind of Communist? Do I sound like Noam Chomsky yet? Bear with me.

Sure the Unabomber was violent, and got away with it, but that's not so unusual. The peculiar thing was that he used violence to gain access to the media. And he didn't just want to go on the Jerry Springer show, he wanted 35,000 words in the Washington Post. Eight pages, in small type. Unmediated access, with no editorial clearance. This made reporters mad as hell. They have

to deal with editors every day, telling them what to write, cutting up their stories, dropping them for no reason, and here this Unabomber comes along and publishes a whole manuscript, footnotes and all, right there in the damn newspaper. Who's his agent? I mean we can't have this, for God's sake, it's totally irresponsible. He could have said anything. He could have criticized our corporate clients. It's funny, I didn't see any advertisements on those pages, I wonder why. And what if everyone wanted access to the media, then where would we be? Out of a job is where. The American people need us to decide what's important and newsworthy. That's why the TV news is half weather. Americans have a right to know what the temperature is out there.

The Unabomber stormed the media fortress, and he captured the flag, but his strategy had a fatal flaw. In the end, most people skipped his manifesto, either because they'd already been convinced that he wasn't an expert, or because they just didn't care. Computer literacy is one of those oxymorons, like "sustainable shopping": why read when you can click on things? The average American is unlikely to read 35,000 words on any subject, not even sports, never mind the future of industrial society. Too many words, not enough pictures, and who reads the Washington Post anyway? He should have cut it down to a page and run it in "USA Today," or better yet, made it into a screenplay. A Unabomber video game. Merchandise rights. It's probably just a matter of time.

It all started when a member informed me via email that the CoE was featured prominently on a Christian web site. I took a look, and sure enough, there we were: number two in a list of three examples of why the internet should be abolished, complete with a cannibalism-encouraging letter I wrote to some Christian moron who thought the CoE was pro-life sarcasm. The first example was our sister organization the First Church of Christ, Abortionist, and the third example was a series of nifty photographs depicting various sex acts, including coprophagia (shit-eating) and dog-blowing. The site belonged to the Creator's Rights Party, and their taste in porn was making them very unpopular with their fellow Christians. That was about all I knew until a producer from the Springer show approached me and asked if I would be willing to debate Neal Horsley. Sure, I said, but who the hell is Neal Horsley? So I did a web search and who should pop up but the Creator's Rights Party. Well how about that.

So it turns out that the CRP is Neal's thing, and that shutting down the internet is only a minor part of his agenda. Neal's main focus is on encouraging his home state of Georgia to secede from the union, after seizing its nuclear weapons, and then demand that the Federal government halt abortion and begin arresting faggots.

Neal appears to be running for governor on this delightful platform, though it's unclear how much progress he's made. Meanwhile our Springer producer asks if we can supply a prospective member: someone who wants to join, and would be willing to do it on show, in a ceremony of some kind. Remember, this is showbiz: talk shows love surprises, panelists proposing marriage to each other, fistfights, and so on. Sure, I said, and no need to mention that the person I had in mind was already a member. A few days later the producer called back and asked if we could also find someone who didn't want her to join, a fiancee or family member perhaps. Sure, I said, would an ex-boyfriend be close enough? Grace (our prospective member) had a friend who was willing to do it, and he got past the producer's screening call easily enough.

By this point Vermin, Pastor Kim, and I were having all-day planning meetings to hammer out strategy and tactics. A more systematic inspection of the CRP web site revealed that Neal was an ex-con: he'd been a hippy pot-dealer in the sixties, someone narced on him, and he'd done a three-year stint in the slammer, during which time he underwent a major religious conversion. Could there possibly be a connection, I asked? Pot-dealing hippy goes in, nuke-loving Christian homophobe comes out, what happened inside? Was Neal too popular? We decided to send Neal an email from a false address, asking friendly questions about some of the obvious contradictions in his web site (e.g. he denies encouraging domestic terrorism, but his home page features a photo of the Oklahoma bombing and a comprehensive list of people currently imprisoned for anti-abortion violence). The response was mostly flowery rhetoric, but with one electrifying exception:

"The easiest way to understand what I'm saying is to visualize

what it's like in prison to be approached by a gang intent on rape. They might come with smiling faces, but their history has already proven their willingness to rape. What does a person do?"

The real question, of course, is what did *Neal* do, and we asked him on the show, after confronting him with this quote, though unfortunately the scene was cut, along with just about everything else we did that involved Neal. But I'm getting ahead of our story.

At this point the producer called to inform me that Neal would be joined by his friend Mike Bray, who had done almost four years in prison for conspiracy to bomb ten abortion clinics. Apparently the clinics were blown up at night, so that no one was injured. Mike was unrepentant, and had gone so far as to publish a book called "A Time To Kill," consisting mostly of scriptural justification for anti-abortion violence. The producer also announced that the show would be titled "Suicide Cannibal Cult and God's Army." Throughout this period he urged me not to let Neal and Mike back down or dodge the issues, to call them on nuclear secession and homophobia, and so forth. He had no reason to worry: we were preparing hell on earth for these clowns. The smoking gun was an AP story in the Boston Globe that linked "Army of God" bombings in Atlanta, Georgia--including the bombing of an abortion clinic and a gay disco--to the Olympic Park bombing. The story mentioned a letter that had surfaced in which the bombers railed against homosexuality and other "ungodly perversions." It sure sounded like our boys. We decided to confront them with this story on the show, and allege that if they didn't do it themselves, they probably know exactly who did. It was obvious that the CRP was to anti-abortion violence what Sinn Fein is the IRA, so we had a pretty good case, good enough for Springer anyway.

Fast forward to the day of the show: it's about an hour before we go on, I'm having my makeup done, and our producer comes into the dressing room, looking unhappy. "Bad news," he says, "we had a big meeting last night, and I was overruled, so we're changing the title of the show to "I Want to Join a Suicide Cult," we're moving the focus away from the Christians and more onto Grace, Neal won't come on until the third segment, oh and Mike Bray will be in the audience instead of on the panel." Just what everyone wants to hear an hour before they go on national TV. Why did they do it? Were they afraid of Christian backlash? Our producer maintains it was done purely for practical reasons. It was felt that the show's concept was too political and abstract, and that audience simply wouldn't get it. It's arguably true that most people who watch Jerry Springer can't spell secession, don't know what it means, and don't care. Once the Christians were written out of the script, the plot could be reduced to "nice girl falls into the hands of evil suicide cannibal cult," which, as everyone knows, is a Bad Thing.

So the real answer to your question is that as far as I can tell,

Jerry doesn't have much to do with the show's content. The producers set up the plot, and he tries to follow it, which is usually easy enough, because unlike the CoE, most guests are more than happy to follow the plot too. Jerry is just a glorified talking head, and a poorly informed one at that. He probably shows up an hour before he goes on, they give him coffee and a donut and card with a few facts on it, and say "go get 'em, Jerry." He reads his sanctimonious closing remarks off a teleprompter. According to Boston Globe, when he appeared at a local college the other day he said that while he enjoys his job, he doesn't watch the show, and "it has nothing to do with who I am." He also attacked mainstream news shows as being much more invasive than talk shows, where the guests are voluntary. "The news is tabloid," he said, "not our silly little show."

From spanky@surfsupcafe.com Sun Jul 6 11:12:45 1997

Dear Chrissy,

Please help me. I want to end it. If i had a painless way of doing it it would have been done last night. I own a shotgun, 12 gauge, i keep it loaded with .00 buck shot....3" magnum loads.....it's ready to go.....how i want to wrap my lips around that barrel and push that trigger.....but i cant do it. I would pull into my gararge and close the door and run my car till i was dead...but i dont have a garage. Does that method work? I heard some bad things about that method.

Can you please tell me how to do it? I want so much to exit. I REALLY wish i had tranquilizers or barbs....it would be over ASAP then. But i'm not lucky enough to have access. You once wrote in SNUFF IT that you think that painless easy suicide should be as commonplace, accessible and easy as getting your teeth cleaned. I cant tell you how much i agree. I'd thought that very thought myself many times. But alas, it is not so.....so what do i do?

I thought of slicing my wrists. Other than the pain of the wounds...is it painful to bleed to death? Isnt the chance of vegetablism high with this method? I really need a FINAL exit. Now, with the shotgun...they say you never even hear the shot. I wonder...is it really painless...

I thought of holding up a pharmacy and getting enough drugs to end it...but it's really against my nature to be violent....and that seems awfully violent. I would ram my car into a bridge at 100 mph but that would leave the co-signer on my loan FUCKED!. What do i do Chrissy? I need to get peacefully. Preferably unconscious. I pray to god every moment to let it end. As usual...he must be busy. I NEED to end it. SOON. Why waste any time eh? Please help me. Please. I am desperate. I wish i could enlist the help of Saint Kevorkian...but he only helps those with physical pain. Not fair! I think suicide should be as easy as walking into one of those little picture taking booths at the mall...you know the ones where you put in two bucks and get pictures....i want to walk into one, put my \$5 bucks in, sit down and be dosed with a lethal amount of morphine while they play cheesy elevator music or something. Then my body could be released through the floor into some kind of crematory where a priest performs last rites in about 30 seconds....fast food suicide. Amen.

Please help me Chrissy...i know you are very busy...but i'm not just some normal C of E member....i really understand it all....I was reading this book review you did in the back of Snuff It. You were talking about how no matter what you did...no matter how you purified yourself, you could not be like a Lakota. I cant put it as eloquently as you...but i knew what you meant. Word for word. I have never been moved to tears by a book review before! But i know what you meant. I have that deep spiritual understanding. So please, if you have any suggestions for me...let me know.

I just need a peaceful way out. If i cant find one...i may not have the balls to do it. I may have to wait for the apocalypse to finally do me in. Or until i can find someone to sell me enough Valium or Morphine to do the job. That would sec because every second of existence is terrible agony for me. I'm not at all afraid of death...it's pain i find disagreeable. A wise man once said something to the effect of: People don't some much fear death, as they do the stroke of death. That is my perdicament exactly.

Your Loyal Subject,

Dave Grave

Revv Chrissy: #Hello Boboroshi and Ronald (Ronald, meet Boboroshi).

pleased to meet you Ronald, and I'm honored for the consultation.

which 'best method' is 'officially endorsed'?

there have been several individuals in alt.suicide.holiday (ASH) who have asked after something similar. I've developed a standard reply which I have placed in the TOKUS FAQ:

\$ D. SUICIDE

[most omitted]

is this not sufficient? surely he can get some sleeping pills.

I am as yet unfamiliar with Ronald's registry and would like to learn more.

#But how certain is it really?

from what I've been seeing on ASH, it may be unreliable if there is a low degree of certainty surrounding air-tightness of tape, the age of the vehicle (or the malfunction of the catalytic converter?) is insufficient to exude emissions sufficient to do the job, or there is insufficient time before discovery.

I'd avoid anything requiring severe self-mutilation such as wrist-slashing or gunshot unless the individual is ready for such a maneuver. what is wrong with the Heaven's Gate concept as marketed by the Hemlock Society? doesn't that work well enough?

why won't regular sleeping pills work? why need it be barbituates? where is KCN acquired? how?

other possibilities:

research into the construction of a guillotine? drowning with weights attached to ankles, leap into deep water. hypothermia is pretty good too.

don't forget to get him registered as a CoE member and to ask him to mention us in his suicide note.

Hey Chris, this is GREAT!! Our first.

Here's what I think off the top of my head.

I think we should initiate the Registry project by wrting and asking our friend to sign a statement similar to the one I have drawn up (or his own wording if he prefers which he does in his letter).

My own feeling is that on no account do we give him or anyone else advice on how to do it other than to point him to final exit, etc. We tell him, sign the statement, send us your ten bucks, get final exit, or whatever and the way will be lighted unto you.

We should realize that he really doesnt need our help as to method, but that our job is to hold his hand. (Needless to say, all this should be vetted with a competent lawyer.)

Also, you can figure out some way to coordinate his sacrifice with your trip to Cologne so you can hold a press conference saying: he's our first, who's next, etc.

THIS IS GREAT!!!

Ronald ***

Hi Boboroshi, nice to meet you -- RB. More on previous:

We might want to encourage an extended email dialogue with our friend. The point is never to say anything to him which cant be repeated to the world.

We say: look, it doesnt matter how old you are; whether you are depressed and could later shake it off; your reasons are beside the point. The only thing is that if you would like to join the registry project, and become a saint in the church, than some part of you must acknowledge that you are making a sacrifice for Mother Earth, as per our statement. But even if you have completely other intentions, we still want to encourage you to do what you need to do.

Then, at the proper moment, in Cologne (?) you make public the complete correspondence, complete with original Registry project text. It's gotta be a winner.

One idea is that it is not now illegal to encourage suicide (here's where a lawyer is important); but that if this gets any play at all there will be voices discussing the matter all over the political spectrum and this is why Europe is a great place to make the annoucement which should get more play there to start.

Ronald

Here's why it's a good idea to have the Registry Project (RP) in place. That way we can put our friend's act within a coherent (if controversial) context. So people can understand and react (and hopefully learn.)

It's best to be as above board as we can in all things esp timing. ie, we were planning the registry project for months; we receive a plea for help; we go forward with the registry project on the net; our friend does what he does.

Also, i think its important to remain as aloof from certain actions as possible; ie, we have NO suggestion as to timing of events, or how they are carried out. The best is to be able to publish EVERYTHING exactly as it happened.

Ronald ***

Dear Church of Euthanasia,

Greetings! We who are about to die salute you. I am making my final exit in a few minutes, after I post this letter and finish my suicide note. I guess the thing I most wanted to say is that it doesn't have to be unpleasant or sad, it can be a peaceful, happy leave-taking. While it's not for everyone, I really want to encourage those who want to, but are letting fear hold them back.

"Here goes!" is my attitude. I expect pain very likely to outweigh happiness and satisfaction in my life. I believe this is true for the majority though not for all. The survival instinct is not concerned with whether I personally would be better off dead. It seeks to keep me alive and procreating. It is not my friend. If life were more a positive experience than a negative, I would stick around until infirmity set in.

I had my last meal, a quiche and an Earl Grey tea, which tasted great, and a walk on the beach. I called a friend who is not upset by my death wish.

I hoped to reread "A Death in Venice" (T. Mann), but it is a long ways away back at home. I can instead recall key passages. Highly recommended, as is "Magic Mountain," also by T. Mann.

I am putting Nupercain on my arms, a local anaesthetic, no sense in causing myself unnecessary discomfort when I apply the razor. Bleeding away in a bath, I will enjoy the slow fade, and the long awaited moment. (Bath water deep enough to suffocate me when I pass out).

Enclosed find [\$150] donation towards [suicide assistance] hotline. Best wishes, and fond regards,

M. Wills

PS Here's hoping this encourages someone else (who would benefit from it) to take the leap.

PPS Thanks for the support--not that you convinced me--but I appreciate the camaraderie.

O Superman, O judge, O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad.
O Superman, O judge, O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad.
Hi, I'm not home right now. But if you want to leave a message,
just start talking at the sound of the tone.
Hello? This is your Mother. Are you there? Are you coming home?
Hello? Is anybody home? Well you don't know me, but I know you.
And I've got a message to give to you.
Here come the planes.
So you better get ready. Ready to go. You can come as you are, but
pay as you go. Pay as you go.

And I said: OK. Who is this really? And the voice said:
This is the hand, the hand that takes. This is the hand, the hand
that takes.
This is the hand, the hand that takes.
Here come the planes.
They're American planes. Made in America.
Smoking or non-smoking?
And the voice said: Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night shall
stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed
rounds.

'Cause when love is gone, there's always justice.
And when justice is gone, there's always force.
And when force is gone, there's always Mom. Hi Mom!

So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. So hold me, Mom, in your long
arms.
In your automatic arms. Your electronic arms.
In your arms.
So hold me, Mom, in your long arms.
Your petrochemical arms. Your military arms.
In your electronic arms.

--Laurie Anderson, "O Superman"